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On Tuning an Orchestra.

(From the Concordia.)

It is singular that this essential preliminary to correct orchestral playing should have hitherto attracted comparatively little notice, in our country at least. No doubt the first and almost instinctive act of every player on entering the concert-room, is to try to pitch his instrument by touching a few notes at random; with this, however, he too often rests satisfied, and the result is, that the first bars of the performance disclose the incompleteness of the adjustment. Moreover, this important preparative is usually left to the last moment, when many players arrive at the same time, each of whom performs some familiar flourish *fortissimo*, and simultaneously with his neighbors. The delicacy of the ear is overwhelmed with discordant notes, no standard of pitch is referred to, the various instruments have not had time to attain the temperature of the room, and the noise itself tends to force them for the moment into an apparent agreement, which ceases directly they play independently of one another. The conductor, on arriving, takes it for granted that the band is in tune, and it is often only after a considerable interval that the united forces shake down into complete accuracy and its consequent sonorousness. Abroad, a better custom prevails; there being a standard tuning-fork beside the conductor's desk, to which each player is expected to accommodate himself. One of Dr. Von Bülow's many merits is attention to this detail, although his careful solicitude has been occasionally misrepresented and received with resentment. The chief boast of the Conservatoire band in Paris, is the "premier coup d'archet."

The matter is not quite so simple as it at first sight appears, and it deserves consideration under a threefold aspect—physiological, mechanical, and practical.

In a physiological point of view, it is important to notice that there is considerable difference in even cultivated ears as to the appreciation of minute shades of pitch; some being much more sensitive than others; many possessing a personal peculiarity similar to what is termed "personal error" in astronomical observation, by virtue of which they adopt slightly different estimates of concord or even unison. In great observatories a figure is set against the name of each observer which is tolerably constant, and indicates that he will note the transit of a star over the wires of the telescope, or even the beat of a clock, by an appreciable interval before or after another of his colleagues. I have little doubt, from extended experiments, that there exists a similar phenomenon in the ear as in the eye. We have indeed a means of correcting it in the former case which we have not in the latter, namely, by the beats or interferences; but what musicians, except pianoforte or organ-tuners, ever employ these? Corresponding shades of sharpness and flatness elude even this test, and are often difficult to distinguish except by exaggeration. This tolerance of discord increases enormously when instruments of very different timbre or quality are compared. I was myself surprised at the amount of tolerance in making some observations which I communicated to a musical periodical last year, respecting the so-called French pitch at the two opera houses; the difference between the oboe and clarinet for instance, which was marked when both were compared with a tuning-fork held to the ear, did not strike it painfully when

unassisted by the unvarying standard.*

Slight dissonances are more audible at a distance than in their immediate neighborhood. In this respect, the plan adopted by organ-builders of placing a listener in a remote part of the building, to guide the tuner, might with advantage be imitated. Sharp notes, moreover, have a predominant power over the ear. If two notes be struck at nearly the same time, a player is almost certain to tune to the sharper of the two. No doubt this is one great cause of the constant tendency to sharpen, which is the plague of our modern orchestras, and has necessitated the enforced adoption of a lower diapason.

In a mechanical light, there is some difficulty in establishing an invariable standard of pitch. The oboe has the prescriptive right handed down from ancient times, of tuning the band. This, no doubt, depends on the fact that in Handel's days it was almost the only wind instrument extensively used. But it is far from being the best for the purpose. Like all double reed instruments, its pitch is susceptible of great variation according to the state of the lip muscles. It is not, therefore, uncommon to find a player give at the outset a tuning note much sharper than that he afterwards plays to. The clarinet is infinitely less easy to tune to various pitches, on account of its single reed, and from the fact that a slight pulling in and out of the mouthpiece socket, which is the only method of tuning open to it, tells more upon the "throat notes" than on other parts of its scale, and thus makes it disagree with itself. On the other hand, it rises with the warmth of the breath more than any instrument. In very cold weather I have found the difference in the B♭ clarinet to amount to a whole semitone. Players seem hardly to appreciate the extent of this rise. To this fact, also, no doubt much of the tendency to sharpen orchestral pitch is due. The brass instruments, and metal flutes, rapidly cool again and sink to their original pitch; but the solid wood of the clarinet and wooden flute retains heat, and may continue to sharpen for a whole evening. If the pitch is to be taken from any orchestral instrument, I think the one chosen ought to be the clarinet, on the ground of its inability to alter; but it should be well warmed first, and closely watched afterwards, to counteract the tendency to sharpen. Players often show great unwillingness to tune down their clarinets, apparently not knowing that warmth mainly affects the upper parts of the bore, and that slight lengthening of a warm instrument improves its accuracy. It is in pianoforte concertos that this defect of the wood-wind, and particularly of the clarinets, is most noticeable; principally on account of the rise of the wind, but also a little from the sinking of the metal strings of the piano by dilation with heat. On this fall in pitch of stretched metal strings under heat, or the passage of an electric current, I have commented elsewhere (*Transactions of Physical Society*, 1874).

The Organ is not devoid of the same source of error. A diapason pipe, fed with cold and hot air, varies considerably, even to the extent of a quarter tone. Few organ-builders, with the notable exception of Mr. Willis and Mr. Lewis, pay sufficient attention to this fact. The large, flat, and unwieldy organ at Exeter

* A remarkable confirmation *et converso* of the statement here made, is furnished me by Mr. Hipkin. He informs me that if two pianos of different quality be accurately tuned in unison, by means of beats, and placed side by side in a room; even the most practised musician, on trying them consecutively, will declare the softer toned instrument to be the flatter of the two.

Hall, for instance, is fed by wind from the cold stone corridors and staircases below it, which communicate almost directly with the outer air. Consequently, at the beginning of a performance, when the air of the room itself is well heated and dried by the abundant gas in the roof, the organ is very flat, as it is drawing a denser supply from below and outside, whose undulations are calculably different from those in the rarified medium in which the clarinets, contra-fagottos, and others are breathing and expiring. If all external apertures at the back were shut, and the bellows made to draw their wind from the hot dry air near the ceiling, by means of a large air trunk or wind sail, the organ would rise in pitch, and would cypher much less than it now does in damp weather. Besides this, the very defective ventilation of the room would be improved.

The best standard of pitch, however, is in my opinion, a free reed. This, though producing a poor musical note, is very little affected by changes of temperature, especially if made of a metal like German silver, which is well known from electrical experiments to alter its molecular condition very slightly for a given increment of heat. The thinness of the tone, and the facility with which "beats" are produced, though æsthetical defects, are in the case before us converted into advantages. All instruments should tune to open notes, whether strings or wind; and the standard of pitch should possess not only the A usually employed, but several others; notably the D in the bass. This latter I consider on the whole a better note to tune to than the A; certainly it is so for the bass instruments. If the perfect fifth of D A be sounded together, even the fiddles will hardly be able to tune sharp, owing to the marked dissonance which accompanies any augmentation of that interval. The D is moreover the middle string of the double basses, as used in our English orchestras; and this being fixed, a fourth on either side is more easily found than if two such intervals are built up from the lowest and least brilliant string.

In all orchestral tuning, the double basses require an attention which they have not yet received. They appear to have an immunity from rule or censure. This is due, in part, to the fact that long and special training of the ear is required to enable it to realize small differences in very grave notes. I have never yet known a case where the double-basses were called to account for their pitch; and yet, as a rule, they tune sharp. The most ludicrous case of this kind occurred in the late futile attempt to introduce French pitch at the operas. I am not aware that any change was made in the double-basses, although an expensive and very bad set of wind instruments was procured from abroad. The basses simply slackened their ordinary thin strings, instead of putting on a full set of stouter strings in proportion to the diminished rate of vibration. Of course the bow transmitted an instinctive sense of lessened tension very unpleasant to practised players, and in a few minutes they were up to their old discarded pitch; the treble instruments, attacked as being flat, were obliged to meet the difficulty by having as many as four successive slices hacked off their new outfit. In less than a month I found the pitch as high as it had formerly been. Two other instruments are commonly responsible for sharpness of the bass, namely, the G bass trombone, and the drums; the former is usually in the hands of a military player, accustomed to the foolishly sharp pitch to which our Guards' bands have risen, but the latter is the more serious cause

of discord. According to the arrangement of modern English orchestras, in most of which four-string double basses and other instruments, such as the contra-fagotto, of 16-foot tone, are ignored, the kettle-drum stands alone in possessing two, or at the most three, notes of this octave. When these are correct, the effect is very fine; but many of our English copper-made drums are so deep in the kettle, and so large in the head, that the note they give is very complex, more resembling a gong or a bell than an orchestral instrument; and as the drummer has to change their pitch frequently, by means of a clumsy mechanism, of key and screws, during the performance, it requires great tact and experience to keep them even moderately near the proper note. The tendency to tune a shade sharp is more marked with drums than even with the double basses, and they are still more commonly overlooked at the outset. Where great changes of key occur, the kettle drummer should always be provided with a third, and sometimes even with a fourth drum. An octave of 16-foot reeds, in the form of a simple harmonium, placed within his reach, for comparison, would often prevent a mysterious but very painful *wolfing*, which we have at all times noticed, but which, like inaccurate tuning of the double basses, is very difficult to localize by the unassisted ear.

One other point requires notice, and that is, that on the occurrence of sudden enharmonic changes from flat to sharp keys the necessary difference of pitch is often only gradually and imperfectly arrived at. It principally occurs in the change from flats to sharps, at which time the wind instruments should as a rule flatten somewhat; in the opposite change from sharps to flats the natural tendency to rise is sufficient. The strings have of course the matter in their own power, except as regards open notes.

A great deal might be accomplished by very simple means, if conductors would consider it their duty to run through the principal instruments one by one against a trustworthy standard, but that not, if possible, a tuning-fork. The note of even the best tuning-fork is so feeble and evanescent that it is not fitted for the noise and bustle of the concert-room, and moreover it is greatly under the influence of temperature. A free reed would be far better. The comparison of pitch should not be limited to a few treble instruments, but should begin with drums and double-basses, and so proceed upwards. The process, lastly, should not be carried on by compelling all to tune up to the sharpest, but by bringing the sharper instruments slightly down to a medium pitch; this would obviate the constant need for cutting instruments to pieces, which is now felt, and prevent the steady tendency to sharpen, which is ruining our voices, and rendering much classical music impossible to all but singers of rare and exceptional organization,

W. H. STONE, M.A., F.R.C.P., &c.

The Works of Chopin.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD, (London.)

SIR:—If we analyze the interest we take in Chopin's music, we shall find it to be a mainly human interest. The reading of his music becomes a psychological study. The smaller pieces especially are like leaves from an autobiography; they are outpourings of the heart, and truer pictures of states of his mind than photography ever produced of outward form.

His art was only the interpreter of his feelings, it did not exist for its own sake. Now compare the loose leaves of the subjective artist who writes the story of his life with his heart's blood, with Goethe's autobiography, which he calls characteristically "*Wahrheit und Dichtung*." He does not write on the spur of the moment, at the time of the emotion; he lets it pass by and then places it before his mind as a sculptor places before him a block of marble, chipping and polishing it till it has reached his idea of the beautiful. But, although beauty

and art gain, truth suffers,—perhaps not the highest kind of truth, that we may call ideal truth, still a kind of truth one would not like to miss.

The man of this moment is a stranger to the previous moment: for the circumstances are no longer the same; his way of thinking has been modified by the experience of the past. Thus every moment becomes the genitor of a new man. Now, it is in the interest of truth to have a faithful record of men's actual emotions, and not only of what they appeared to the cold reasoner or the imaginative artist afterwards. It is this which makes subjective art so precious.

And now let us try to define the position Chopin occupies among subjective composers. To do this, we will compare him with one who, although a subjective artist, is in some respects his antipode. I mean Beethoven. In him there seems to be focused the mind and heart of a whole century, of a whole world, with its yearnings, struggles, and noble aspirations, with its unfathomable grief, its heaven-high hopes, and all this crowned with his unbounded love:—

"Seid umschlungen, Millionen,
Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt."

There is a divinely mysterious power in his music, reminding one of the poet's description of the mountain-torrent, that bursts from the rocks with the noise of thunder, tearing along with the trees and boulders, filling the wanderer, who knows not whence it comes, with delightful awe.

Whilst Beethoven's subjectivism embraces, as we have seen, the whole of humanity, that of Chopin is confined to himself, rarely going beyond this, never beyond his nation. Notwithstanding this shortcoming, few who get acquainted with him can resist the fascination of his manner and the amiability and refinement of his feelings. "Selfish and amiable" seems to be a contradiction, but only "seems," in reality it is not. His selfishness was not a vice, not a fault of the heart, but rather a constitutional weakness; it was not aggressive but passive, manifesting itself not by acts but by inaction. We are willing enough to forgive it, especially where there are so many charming qualities to redeem any shortcoming.

Chopin is, indeed, a very dangerous acquaintance. The morbidity of his feelings, easily imparted to those that too exclusively communicate with him, relaxes our nature and vitiates our taste. A sculptor or painter might as well make the diseased and abnormal appearances of physical nature—which may and generally do in some respect possess surprising beauties—the principal object of his study, as a musician Chopin. His influence is so subtle, that I am almost tempted to call it feminine. He captivates us by throwing wreaths of flowers around us, which prove, on trial, stronger than iron chains. We require a counterpoise, which is to be found in strong and healthy men like Beethoven, Bach, and others of the same calibre. Conjointly with these, Chopin will teach and profit us much, show us many a by-road they have missed, many a heart's corner they have not penetrated.

I have characterized the interest we take in Chopin as mainly human, but this does not preclude that also from a purely artistic point of view we find much to admire. Who knows not how he has enriched the technical resources of the pianoforte, how he has ennobled and animated, if not created, the minor forms of the pianoforte literature? Who has not been surprised, and again and again delighted, with his originalities of harmony and rhythm?

All this is no matter of wonder, if we have once conceded the originality and peculiar genius of the man Chopin. In his manner, Parisian elegance and finish are unmistakable; but there is much more in it that is truly Chopinesque, individually human. I cannot help thinking that we overestimate the influencing power of our surroundings. True, our manners, our dress, are moulded and fashioned by

them, but the matter is hardly touched. At least, where there is an individuality worth mentioning, it will not only defend itself against them, but conquer them in proportion to its strength, even in these externals. Then it may be said of Chopin, that he lived rather *in than with* the Parisian society. His music is of a private nature, it shuns the publicity of the concert room and the conventionalities of the salon. Chopin in his closet alone, or with his friends, is without an equal in his peculiar way; but whenever he oversteps this, his domain, enters the world, poses before an audience, becomes an artist in the more limited sense of the word, and allows his artistic faculties the precedence over nature pure and simple as it wells from his heart, then I say he loses his superiority. Thus his compositions may be estimated according to the more or less constraint he puts upon himself.

Sometimes Parisian elegance gets the better of him, and fills the foreground, but Chopin in the background preserves the picture from being a mere bit of glitter. There are instances where one is tempted to think "this jewel would have gained by a plainer setting." But these temptations are neither strong nor frequent.

What has been said of Clementi is true of Chopin: the pianoforte is with him not a mere instrument, it is an organ, a part of himself. Both masters share also the same fate in their orchestral writing. To say that the tutti of the orchestra after the pianoforte soli, precipitate the hearer from the beatified regions of imagination and fancy into the dreary actual, that like Satan he is "hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky," may be exaggeration; but even his greatest admirers, among whom I am proud to reckon myself, will admit that his writing for other instruments than the pianoforte is not very happy. Be this as it may, Chopin, and with him I must join Schumann, are the most striking musical individualities of this century. Both presuppose Beethoven, and are, as it were, branches of one tree, galleries of one mine. Yours, &c., FR. NIECKS.

Sketch of the History and Progress of the Sonata Form.

Read before the London College of Organists, by W. A. Barrett, Mus. Bac.

The word Sonata is supposed to be derived from the Italian word "*sonare*," to sound, but this derivation although plausible is not completely satisfactory.

The similarity of the words "*Sonété*" and "*Sonata*" would seem to suggest the notion of a common origin. The *Sonété* or *Sonnet* of the present day, almost the same as it was in the days of Petrarch, maintains its original character of treating, in one verse, one idea in various aspects, while the Sonata has become expanded and developed, and is no longer confined to the limit of elaborating one idea. It is true that the first Sonatas were not unlike in music what the Sonnet is in poetry, a varied treatment of one subject; and the characteristic of the most perfect modern Sonatas is that the greatest variety is given to the chosen themes of the several movements, less with regard to their independent character, than with the respect to their relation to the whole idea of the movement.

The term Sonata or *Suonata*, as applied to a musical composition, was first used about the beginning of the 17th century. Those of that time so-called had, as has already been intimated, but one movement; they were in fact, simply *airs* arranged in parts, for an instrument or instruments. Some of the Sonatas of Frescobaldi (1591-1640), of Froberger (1637-1695), of Kuhnau (1667-1712), and of others of that period, are of this nature, although there are frequent changes of tempo, the germ of contrasted movements. When, in subsequent Sonatas, two or more movements were employed, those most favored were a Canzona or something in Canzona style, and a dance tune, such as a Pavan, an Allemande, or a Coranto. The Canzona was probably selected by the composer as a vehicle for the display of art and skill, and the dance tune was offered as a conciliation to the taste of his hearers. Long after the form was fixed, compositions bearing the name of Sonatas, constructed on the principles,

and according to the models of older times, were published, some as late as the end of the last century, as a comparison of the Sonatas of Marpurg (1718-1795) with those of the early writers will show.

The growth of the form has, like most things in music, been very gradual, and to trace it step by step would be the labor of a lifetime; it will be sufficient for the present purpose to indicate the successive stages it has passed through, and to speak, though in a rapid and cursory manner, of the chief writers who have aided the development of the Sonata form.

The changes of tempo in the earliest compositions of this kind probably suggested a division into separate movements, the treatment being influenced by the fancy of the writer, and not by any recognized rule. Inherent musical feeling would doubtless prompt the composer to make the one or the several movements offer as much contrast as possible, and the variety thus introduced would be accepted as the first canon of this class of composition.

The arrangement of the earliest "Suites des pièces," may be studied with advantage in reference to this point. In the "Pièces de Clavecin" by François Couperin (1713), there is a set in C minor, consisting of an Allemande, followed by a first and second Courante, then a Sarabande, a Gavotte, and finally a Minuet, each movement varying in tempo as well as in character, though not in key.

The number of movements in a Suite alternated between five and seven for many years; but by degrees they became lessened in number, and as melodic form obtained prominence over mere contrapuntal device, the Sonata was guided in its construction by certain convenient rules, out of which that now known as Sonata form arose, was recognized and adopted. Although the names of dance tunes ceased to be attached to the several movements, it was easy to see that much of their character was retained; for as composers began to feel that the measure of the dance tune had a tendency to cramp their musical thoughts, their models were retained or abandoned, and they expanded their movements at pleasure, without reference to the needs of the dance. Later, when three movements were adopted, the dance tune was restored, a preference being given to the Minuet or something in that style; and this, with a slow and quick movement, for a long time made up the recognized constitution of a Sonata. Beethoven added a fourth movement, Scherzo, which he used sometimes instead of, sometimes in addition to, the Minuet; but he was not, as some say, the inventor of that movement, as Haydn in his quartets, and Bach in his Suites had previously employed a movement called *Scherzo*.

The title of *airs* already mentioned was given to some Sonatas as late as 1770, for in Hoyle's "Dictionarium musica" of that date *voce* "Suonata," we read "of Corelli's Musick, the first and third operas are Church Sonatas, and the second and fourth Chamber Sonatas; though the common distinction among us is made by the name of *airs*."

Other terms were occasionally used to describe compositions identical in character with those called Sonatas, such as Consorts, Ayres, Lessons, Fantasies or Fancies, "so made as they must be plaid and not sung," and "Ayerie Fancies, that may be as well sung as plaid."

Sir John Hawkins in his History of Music, says these were disused about the middle of the 17th century, when the new forms of concerted pieces of a more elegant character came into vogue; these were "the Sonata di Chiesa and the Sonata di Camera;" the first of these, as being adapted to Church Service, was grave and solemn, consisting of slow movements, intermixed with fugues; the other admitted of a variety of airs to regular measures, such as the Allemande, the Courant, the Sarabande and others.

The slow movements "intermixed with fugues" arose from the introduction of the Canzona, and Sir John Hawkins in mentioning this as a characteristic of the Sonata, unconsciously proves that the influence of the Canzona style had not weakened or faded at the time he wrote.

The connection of the Canzona with the Sonata is to a certain extent indicated in the pieces by Frescobaldi, published at Venice (1634). "Canzone da Sonare a una, due, tre, et quattro con il basso continuo," which are exactly similar in style to the compositions recorded in early times as Sonatas.

Frescobaldi's Canzone consist of only one movement, with various changes of time, opening with the first phrase in what may be called for lack of a better term, the Canzona style, that is to say in

fugal imitation, one of the meanings of the word canzona being banter or mocking.

The earliest compositions to which the title of Sonata or Suonata were attached, were written by Bonifacio Graziani, Marc Antonio Cesti, and other writers of the 17th century. It is presumed that some of the works of these musicians were those brought to England by John Jenkins, who afterwards, upon the models so suggested, published in 1660 in London "Twelve Sonatas for two violins and a bass, with a thorough bass for the organ." These were the first compositions of the kind by an Englishman. Jenkins was already well known as an agreeable writer of "Fancies for viols," and his Sonatas show a certain amount of artistic progress in the arrangement of contrasted movements. Most writers on musical history declare that Francis Henry Biber was the first who published a work with the title of a Sonata, but his compositions did not appear until 1681, more than twenty years after those by Jenkins with the same title, and there were also the still earlier Italian writers named above, from whom Jenkins confessedly obtained the idea. Considering the variety of the German tongue and the unwillingness of the German people to use a foreign term, when a native equivalent can be found, it is scarcely likely that the term Sonata would be first attached to a German composition by a German composer; therefore it is reasonable to assume that the word would have been adopted by the musicians of the country to which it belongs. Graziani, Cesti, and Colonna, who died before the time Biber published his sonatas, each used the term to describe certain of their compositions; but supposing the honor belonged to a German, then there is Johann Rosenmüller, who published at Venice, XII sonata a camera, a 5 stromenti, in 1677, who has a prior claim to Biber.

Henry Purcell, who was one of the earliest English writers of sonatas, has almost as strong a claim to an early use of the word as Biber. Purcell composed sonatas which were published in 1683, with the title of "Twelve sonatas of three parts, two violins and a base, to the organ or harpsichord." These were issued in separate parts, and in the sixth sonata of this set is the melody whose character has given rise to an erroneous statement that Purcell composed the air upon which "God save the king" is founded. Furthermore, those whose delight it is to go hunting for mares' nests, declare that there is evidence in the construction of this set of sonatas, that Purcell was indebted to Corelli for his ideas. If there was a sufficient similarity of style to warrant the assertion, there still remains the doubt whether Purcell could have seen the work of his Italian contemporary before his own was published, as both sets were issued in the same year, and communication, especially with a foreign country, was not so rapid as now.

In the preface to this book of sonatas, Purcell states that "he has faithfully endeavored a just imitation of the most famed Italian masters, principally to bring the seriousness and gravity of that sort of music into vogue and reputation among our countrymen, whose humor 'tis time now should begin to loath the levity and balladry of our neighbors." He further states "he is not ashamed to own his unskillfulness in the Italian language, but that is the unhappiness of his education, which cannot justly be counted his fault; however, he thinks he may warrantably affirm he is not mistaken in the power of the Italian notes, or elegance of their compositions." If Purcell benefitted by the writings of any one of the Italian musicians, it could not have been those of Corelli.

Purcell also composed a second set about the same time, but they were not printed until after his death.

The movements of Purcell's sonatas are each short, and there is but little indication of that which is known in sonata form in either, though each is written in a form regular enough in itself, for every device of imitation, inversion, and augmentation of the subjects proposed is employed freely though not to great extent. Lully, Pachelbel, Buononcini (1658-1702), the great Arcangelo Corelli, and Kuhnau may be mentioned as sonata writers contemporary with Purcell, Kuhnau being, perhaps, next to Corelli the most remarkable. His early sonatas were in three movements—an allegro, andante, and allegro, and for this reason his claim to merit as the suggestor of the modern form has been made out. There is not any attempt in either of his sonatas, to introduce a subject of sufficiently marked character to justify its being called a second or distinctive theme.—There are some minuets by Gottlieb Muffatt, which, though having only one subject in each movement,

show the next stage of progress towards the sonata form, in that those in minor modes have the half close on the relative tonic. The volume in which these were contained was published in 1724.

The yearning after a fixed form, and the suggestion of the treatment which became expanded into the sonata form, may certainly be traced in Kuhnau's "Frische clavier fruchte," seven sonatas, published in 1703 (not in 1696, as some allege). In melodic treatment and expansion of subject, these show a decided advance. That which in Frescobaldi appeared to be a mere capricious change of tempo, in Kuhnau became developed into movements of respectable length, but still without any remarkable utilization of chosen themes. Kuhnau often makes the first subject of some of his movements heard in the dominant (whether the suite is in a major or in a minor key) in the middle of a movement, but does not call, as it were, special attention to the fact by means of a double bar or a repeat. Johann Mattheson frequently imitates his first subject in the second movement by inversion, but occasionally shows that he contributed something towards the settlement of form by the manner in which he treats his "gigues." His sonata, published in 1713, and dedicated "to the person who shall best perform it," is in one movement only, and is capricious like in treatment. It may be here mentioned as an interesting fact that in the majority of the suites a gigue is chosen as the concluding movement, and in its lively character as well as in the style of its construction is more in accordance with modern sonata form than any other portion; this was the method employed by Bach, Handel, and others to a later time. The thirty sonatas of Alessandro Scarlatti, the next writer of importance after Mattheson, have each two movements, in which may be described a still further attempt to fix the style, and to impart some degree of unity.

(Conclusion next time.)

Thomas Crawford and Art in America.

[Extracts from an Address before the New York Historical Society, upon the Reception of Crawford's Statue of the Indian, presented by Frederic De Peyster, L.L.D., President, April 6, 1875, by SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., L.L.D. Published by order of the Society.]

Intensely individual in his personality, and broad and universal in his sympathy, he was able to unite the two elements in his art, and to present the spirit of the ages in the speaking vitality of his creations. This is perhaps the first essential of the artist, that whatever he touches must have the breath of personal life and the breadth of universal fellowship. The lonely little flower that blooms up from under the shelter of an Alpine peak and catches the gleam of sunshine among those icy banks, has its own pertinacious organism, true in every tint and fibre to the record and the banner of its clan; yet it is one with universal nature, and when the painter puts it upon canvas he brings out the catholicity of its solitary confession and makes it tell its whispers with the winds, its banquets with the dews and rains, and its messages of love from the rocks of the earth to the stars of heaven. Crawford had this power in an art less free than the painter's, and under the touch of his chisel the sheaf of California wheat became personal, and its full blades were swelling with the magnificence of the Pacific domain and even glowing with the gold of the mines that seemed to ask the grain to signal their hidden splendor to the world.

In one respect Crawford deserves honorable and conspicuous name among the leaders of our modern culture, and its master-spirit Goethe would not have been ashamed to call him brother for what I call his next marked characteristic. He is one of the spirits of peace who are bringing the two great schools of civilization together—the classic school that insists most upon the body and form of things, and the romantic school, that insists most upon the soul and spirit of things—or the Greek and the Gothic. When Crawford began his career these two powers were at war, as in fact they have generally been, but their antagonism was coming to a head. The Greek spirit was trying to set up again the rule of the body, and the age of industry combined with the restless muscle of the young nations to restore the dynasty of the legs and arms, and to set the gymnast above the philosopher and the devotee. This muscular creed was met by its ascetic antagonist, the Medieval devotee; and Pugin's churches and Pusey's tracts made a dead set against the Turner's leg and club law and the secularists' whole code of culture. Thus it was Greek against Goth—body against soul. We saw the antagonism some-

times in buildings on opposite sides of the same street. Here a bank in not always cheap imitation of the Parthenon, and there a lath and plaster Gothic church in very cheap imitation of York Minster or Cologne Cathedral. These extreme contrasts marked schools of culture, not always extreme or extravagant in their thought and enterprise, the classic and the romantic. Goethe in his Faust called for the end of this quarrel, and in Euphonia, the child of the marriage of Faust and Helena, he predicted the union of the classic and romantic schools in our rising literature.

Now I do not say that Crawford cared much about this literary quarrel, or meant to have his hand in the fray, but I am sure he felt the painful difference and was moved to do his part towards the result. His chief productions unite classic strength with romantic spirituality. He is Greek and Gothic or German too. He gives us the body and soul of man and nature. His first great work, his Orpheus, is example of this union, and when I saw the noble figure thirty-four years ago in Boston, it seemed to me to settle the question that sculpture is a modern art and allows the modern inward life to show itself with the antique strength of form. Orpheus is a Greek and a Christian too, and he faces towards the Shades of Erebus with limbs trained in the palestra and with a soul illuminated by the light that is not of this world. This work is a prophecy of our coming literature as well as art. It is one of the signs of the new age of Germanic inwardness and Greek outwardness. We are not to have muscle and materialism on one hand and spindling pietism on the other, but body and soul are to go together. Architecture and sculpture are not to be behind in the reconciliation. Sculpture especially is to rebuke the ghostly shadow and the fleshy materialism that confront each other, and to show that personality requires soul and body; that within nature there is a mysterious life; and all in art should interpret the indwelling spirit and bring it out in fitting form. This thought is the key-note to our most characteristic and hopeful culture, and it throws bright light upon the new age now opening upon us. Crawford threw its radiance on every sphere of nature and life, and under his hand the wheat and the wild-flowers, playful children and merry youth, as well as heroic men, were transfigured by his touch. * * *

The lesson of Crawford's life to us, his countrymen, cannot be easily misunderstood. It tells us to accept the true idea of the art which he followed, to carry it out in the education of our children, and to make it tell upon the public spirit of the nation.

The true idea of art—what is that? There have been definitions of art without number, but they all amount to very much the same thing. Art is the way to do things, and fine art is the way to do things finely; the way to put soul into body, to lift the actual to the ideal, to see and bring out the spirit that is in nature and life, and to exalt the things that are seen to the standard of the beauty that is unseen. All depends upon following the method of the Creator, and in accepting the two facts of soul and body wisely and effectively. Without soul we have clay and flesh and blood without life, and without body we have only notions, shadows, dreams so far as present evidences can go. The point is to study carefully the reality of things, and to express the truth in the form of beauty, understanding by beauty not prettiness or pleasantness merely, but whatever belongs to the true harmony and unites the many particulars with the supreme perfection. In this sense art is not any one craft, whether architecture, sculpture, painting, that use the hands and appeal to the eye, nor poetry, music, oratory, that use the voice and appeal to the ear; but it is all good work that beautifies and exalts life, and raises nature and man up to the ideal standard. There is fine art in manners, in society, in influence over schools and nations, in teachers and statesmen, in the pioneers of civilization, and in the ministers of religion. Whatever sees the truth of things and works out their possible beauty is of the essence of beautiful art. The mother, who refines her home and moulds her children and elevates her family and helps Christianize her neighborhood, is sister of the Muses, and none of the Nine need be ashamed of her company. The captain who subdues the reckless animalism of his crew and wins them to order, gentleness, loyalty, and reverence, is brother to the sculptor who strikes intelligence into shape from the rough marble by his touch, and makes it tell to all time its lesson.

We need to accept this generous definition of art, and to broaden its fellowship in order to show the narrowness of the mere craftsmen who wrong

beauty, just as priestcraft wrongs religion, by claiming the exclusive right to its spirituality. The artist, like the preacher, needs to be one among men, not apart from them, and the more he is a representative brother and the less an official lord, so much the better for him and them. There is no danger that art, any more than religion, will decline under this true fellowship of souls. Taking this view we must be willing to appreciate all attempts to adorn life and to bring the supreme beauty to bear upon the world. We must be willing to see the spirit of art where its implements are poorly mastered, and to believe that our stout fathers and frugal mothers were working America into shape before sculpture and painting appeared; that many an Isaac carved the image of his Rebecca out of the rough fortune with which he struggled for her sake, and many a Jacob painted his Rachel upon streams and clouds during his long service for her hand, and made the picture solace him by the way like a Madonna face at the stations upon the pilgrim's path. In time the spirit of beauty took more organic shape, and we had painters, sculptors, architects, as well as orators, poets, and singers of our own. Perhaps free speech was the first of our American fine arts in order of time, and the eloquence of rising liberty brought the spirit of grace earliest to our land. Before printing had made love to painting here, and engraving was born of their marriage, a printer's boy began the arts of beauty, and Franklin's prose style had nothing to learn of the scholars of England or the wits of France. * * *

It is a fine remark of Saint Beuve that *taste is the first essential of criticism*, and when we judge a book, as when we eat an apple, it is more important to taste its quality well than to analyze its elements scientifically. According to this idea it is important to cultivate a living and just taste in our children, and this is to be done not by treatises on aesthetics, but by accustoming them to observe and to enjoy the best things for themselves. All the senses are to be properly trained, and instead of making children plod over books and cram their memories with words, they should be taught to touch, and hear and see nature and art for themselves. Object teaching should go before letter teaching, and it is perhaps best that they should have nothing to do with books and verbal lessons before they are seven years old. This is evidently the method of nature, and Froebel with his Kindergarten is the prophet of a good time coming for the emancipation of children from the yoke of the old pedagogues and of their admittance to the new liberty of nature and art. All the senses are to be educated in connection with their proper objects, and form, color, mass, perspective are to be known and interpreted in themselves, and not in lifeless print and prosy description. By wise selection and adaptation, all the senses may be developed into a true sense of the beautiful, and may open into a practical judgment that is not only the foundation of the critical faculty, but also an essential condition of all practical good sense.

We need, not only for professional artists, but for all well educated people, a certain judgment that cannot be looked for too early, and which in matters of taste holds the same place that *conscience* holds in the sphere of morals. It is as unwise to limit this judgment to artists and professional critics as to limit conscience or the religious sentiment to the clerical class or to ethical and theological writers; for just as all true men are called to have ethical and religious convictions, so all cultivated people are bound to have a due sense of the beautiful and fair judgment upon the best examples of beautiful art. This judgment, like the moral sense, depends more upon wholesome associations than upon theory, and when children are accustomed to see beautiful objects, to walk among flowers and birds, lawns and groves, by rivers and lakes, to look upon good pictures and statues, and to be among people of gentle speech and graceful manners, they catch the spirit of beauty, both as a sentiment and a conviction; and their pleasure in the taste, like the flavor of the strawberry and the peach, passes into the very constitution, and the sweetness on the lips is light in the brain and in its chambers of imagery. We want in all our education more of that fine element in reason that feeds on the beautiful and transfigures its sweetness into light. Any one who has gone with bright children into the gardens of the art galleries and seen the quick intuitions that flash up from their ready perceptions, will discern at once what I mean by this intellectual influence of beauty, and he will not regard Edmund Spenser a dreamer for calling thus upon Heavenly Beatie in his Hymn:

"Cease, then, my tongue! and lend unto my mynd
Leave to bethink how great that Beantie is,
Whose utmost parts so beautiful I find;
How much more those essential parts of His.
His truth, His love, His wisdom, and His bliss,
His grace, His doome, His mercy and His might,
By which He lends us of Himselfe a sight!"

The Schleswig-Holstein Musical Festival.*

Concerning the compositions selected, namely: Handel's *Samson*, on the first day, June 27th, and—besides two grand airs by Mozart—Schumann's A-minor Concerto, Bach's "Chaconne," the *Oberon* Overture, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*, and to conclude, his symphony in C-minor, there is no need to dissent at length, as they are so well known. The programme was, evidently, drawn up with taste and intelligence. The composers of the different works who were introduced to the public are leading representatives of music. Handel's *Samson* is especially well calculated to attract and excite the enthusiasm of the great masses, as well as of a more refined public, and to inspire them with a lasting interest in the grand style of oratorio. The singers numbered nearly 300 sopranos and contraltos, 57 tenors, and 84 basses. The orchestra included 32 first and second violins, 12 tenors, 12 violoncellos, and 9 double-basses, with the necessary wind instruments, kettle-drums, and trumpets. From the list we learn that among the instrumentalists were many well-known music directors, Court musicians, *Capellmeister*, and Court and other *Concertmeister*. Herr J. Boie, the popular *Concertmeister* of Altona, who, with his brother-in-law, Herr von Königslow, *Concertmeister* from Cologne, acted as leader, and rendered important service in the formation of the orchestra. He conducted, also, the *Oberon* Overture, and several smaller things on the second day, when Joachim appeared as a soloist and played Bach's Chaconne. The ladies' chorus was placed above a large niche at the south end of the concert hall; the middle of the platform was occupied by the orchestra, while behind them, in the niche, were ranged tenors and basses. In front, and visible from every side, stood Joachim, on an elevated tribune. During the rehearsals the great artist frequently expressed his astonishment and admiration at the admirable way in which the choruses had been trained. At the last rehearsal of *Samson*, when the audience burst out, on one occasion, into a storm of applause, he actually could not refrain from joining in it himself. The directors of the various associations who, with the members under their command, had worked so hard during the winter, now sang with the rank and file. The solo vocalists were well selected, including Henschel and Krolop, from Berlin, as Manoh and Harapha; Herr von Witt, from Dresden, as Samson; Mad. Schmitt, from Sweden, as Delilah; and Kol Kling, from Schwalbach, as Micha, who all sustained their characters, from a musical point of view, exceedingly well. Especially effective was the chorus of Israelites, "Hör", Jacob's Gott, Jehovah, hör"; Manoh's air, "Wie willig trägt mein Vaterherz"; the chorus at the overthrow of the Temple; the funeral march, which blends so wonderfully with the funeral chorus of the Israelites; and the mighty final chorus, "Laut stimme ein, du ganze Himmelschaar!" Another particularly effective piece was the air, "Kommt all ihr Seraphim," preceding the above chorus, and sung by Mad. Schmitt, with *obligato* trumpet accompaniment. Such trumpeters as he who played this accompaniment are, we should fancy, scarce. It was a contest between the human voice and the trumpet to see which was the more beautiful. The feeling of satisfaction, that a great success had been achieved with the oratorio, was universal. The phrase: *Holsatia non cantat*, was forever refuted. The performance of the chorus proved that the members of the latter might enter the lists with anyone. Even during the rehearsals, the admirable composition of the programme, and the decided conviction that everything would go well, filled the singers, the instrumentalists, and the public with joyous confidence. This feeling constituted the fundamental tone at the meetings held, sometimes at Bellevue, in sight of the sea, and sometimes in the garden near the Concert Hall. To this we must add the favorable weather, with its splendid sunshine during the Festival, and the kindness of the people of Kiel, who overwhelmed us with attention, and received with warm cordiality the visitors, though, in many cases, the latter were utter strangers to them. The Kielites are ambitious. The victory achieved by Schleswig-Holstein, with her first Musical Festival, redounded to

*Abridged from the *Schleswischer Merkur*, for the *London Musical World*.

Fa - ther, Son and Daugh - ter! On their ram - parts they will

slaugh-ter Mother, Fa-ther, Son and Daughter, Son and Daughter!

If de - tect - - - ed,

Naught but death can be ex - pect - - ed, Naught but

death..... Naught but death can be.... ex - pect - -

ed.
CHORUS OF WOMEN.
SOPRANO.

sf
On their ramparts they will slaugh - ter, Moth - er, Fa-ther, Son and

ALTO.

sf

f *tr* *sf*

sf *p*
Dangh - ter! They op - press us, They dis - tress us!

sf *p* SOLO COL. ALTO PRIMO.

sf *tr* *p*

cres.
If de - tect - ed, Naught but death can be ex -

cres.

p *cres* - - - - - cen - - - - - do.

ed! On their ram - parts they will slaugh - ter

Musical score for "The Lord's Prayer" (No. 10). The score is for Soprano, Alto, and Piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked "Moderato".

Soprano Part:

- First line: *dim.* Moth - er, Fa - ther, Son, and Daugh - ter!
- Second line: *dim.* If de -

Alto Part:

- First line: *f* ALTO SOLO. If de -

Piano Accompaniment:

- First line: *f* (forte)
- Second line: *sf* (sforzando)

ritard.

- tect - ed, If de-tect - ed, Naught but death can be ex-pect - ed!

THE PRIEST. BARITONE SOLO.

The

p *sf* *p* ritard.

NO. 3. SOLO AND CHORUS.—THE MAN WHO FLIES.

Andante maestoso.

THE PRIEST.
(BARITONE).

Man who flies Our sac - ri - fice, De -

ACCOMP.

$\text{♩} = 80.$

semper legatissimo.

cres.

serves..... the ty - rant's te - - - ther.

f

dim.

cres.

f

The woods are free! Disbranch the tree, And

p

cres.

TUTTI.

pile..... the stems to - ge - - ther! Dis - branch, dis -

TENORS (Sve. lower.)

ff

CHORUS OF DRUIDS.

The woods are free! Disbranch the

The woods are free! Dis - branch, dis -

f

dim.

ff

the honor of them all, though the very high prices of admission necessarily prevented many of them from taking part in the proceedings. But the reader must not suppose from this that the Festival was not well attended. People flocked in from far and wide. Of the 2,500 seats not one was vacant at the performances themselves, and the hall was certainly quite as well filled at the rehearsals, admission to which was also paid for. After the performance of *Samson*, a few ladies of the chorus flung Joachim some flowers, and, immediately afterwards, there was a rain of flowers from every side. This scene was repeated, with even more enthusiasm, on Monday, the 28th, when it became known it was Joachim's birthday. He was received with a perfect bombardment of flowers; and a laurel wreath, together with the most splendid bouquets, were laid upon his music-stand. The chorus had an easier task on the 28th than on the previous day. They were engaged only in the *Walpurgisnacht*. The rehearsal in the morning afforded the first real opportunity for Joachim to show his talent as a conductor. The C-minor Symphony was again gone through with the most scrupulous care, all the necessary delicate touches of light and shade being frequently repeated two or three times. The performance began at 6 p.m., and lasted till 10. After the *Oberon* Overture, executed with magic beauty, the two great features were Joachim's violin-playing, and the rendering of Schumann's A-minor concerto, by Madame Clara Schumann. As regards myself, I am not particularly fond of pianoforte concertos, but I must confess I never heard anything finer than this exhibition of Madame Clara Schumann's, in which full justice was done to every tone and to every note. The lady played superbly. The choruses in the *Walpurgisnacht* were, like those on the day before, magnificently sung, especially the final chorus: "Dein Licht, wer kann es rauben?" The whole wound up with the C-minor Symphony, which evoked a perfect storm of applause. Joachim's directions were punctually carried out. All the performers seemed electrified, and, from the gentlest *pianissimo* to the proud and lofty song of triumph in the fourth movement, everything was executed to perfection. The festively decorated hall was now deserted by the audience, many of whom had agreed to pass the evening together. Upwards of eight hundred ladies and gentlemen sat down to supper, the meal being enlivened by numerous toasts. Among the persons who received special invitations to the Festival were the Admiral and other officers of the American squadron lying in Kiel harbor. The first Schleswig-Holstein Musical Festival will certainly not be the last, but no one who was present will ever forget the memorable days of the 26th, 27th, and 28th June, 1875.

How Some Mus. Docs. are Made.

(To the Editor of the London "Musical Standard.")

DEAR SIR:—Some time ago I saw an advertisement relating to the procuring of degrees in *absentia* by an agent in London. I was interested in the matter and applied to the advertiser for farther information, being anxious to discover the actual value of these diplomas. In reply I received the following:

Oxford Street, London, May 20th, 1875.

DEAR SIR:—I can procure for you without delay the degree you mention [Mus. Bac. or Mus. Doc.] from the Livingstone University of America. The expense of obtaining the same will be £10. Should this suit your purpose further particulars will be furnished on application.

Yours, respectfully, etc.

Having understood that these degrees were sold on the Dutch auction principle, i.e., that the price came down to suit customers, I replied that I could not afford £10, but asked for further particulars as to the mode of procedure in obtaining the degree. The next letter I received was as follows:—

Oxford Street, London, May 24th, 1875.

DEAR SIR:—We should require to write an essay, and forward the same to me. Should this prove satisfactory, you could obtain the diploma without delay; should the essay not prove entirely satisfactory, we should require you to come up to London for examination. The subject of the essay will be forwarded upon application.

Yours, respectfully, etc.

Enclosed with this letter was a circular relating to the Livingstone University of America. This document contained a long list of professors and some common-place information, the only matter relating to these degrees in *absentia* being that "special examinations are held and degrees conferred upon properly qualified persons who shall be recommended to the trustees by the faculty of the department from which the degree is to be granted." The musical professor is advertised as one Muller, Mus.

Doc. The most suspicious part of this circular is the address of the secretary, who, instead of dating from the "University," desires that all communications may be addressed to "Box 15, Haddon-field, New-Jersey, U. S." Another enclosure in this letter was a rough engraving of the Livingstone University, which, according to this picture, is a sort of magnified pepper-box surrounded by Hyde Park railings. If this be a university sample of drawing and architecture, both of which sciences have professors in the building, it does not say much for one or the other. In this picture perspective is more than a little askew, and the style of the design altogether dubious. I was not, therefore, very strongly impressed with the appearance of my intended musical *alma mater*, but resolved to continue my enquiries to the end. Now commences in earnest the comic business of the matter. In reply to my request for the subject of an essay or exercise, I received the following:—

Oxford Street, London, May 25th, 1875.

DEAR SIR:—The essay is to be forwarded to me in London. Length of essay, not less than 10 pages; subject: "Cystitis, or Inflammation of the Bladder."

Yours, respectfully, etc.

Truly a bladder may be taken as a good representation of this precious University and its agent, only requiring a pinhole to burst it, and I was half inclined to spend a shilling on a short visit to an Anatomical Museum in Liverpool, gather material for the not very extensive subject given, and proceed to obtain the diploma of M.D., as well as that of Mus. Doc. However, I thought better of it, and transferred this duty to an amateur and unqualified medico who will probably make known the results of his examination in the medical journals.

Now it comes to light that this agency is a more imposing affair, and that a secretary is kept; for on my writing again to point out the mistake, I received the following, which is, oddly enough, in the same handwriting as the previous letters:

Oxford Street, London, June 4th, 1875.

DEAR SIR:—It was an oversight on the part of my secretary that a medical subject for an essay was sent to you. Please excuse it. The subject for a musical degree will be "Vocal Music," or you may write an exercise, selecting any theme you please. Let it be short [either essay or exercise].

I remain, yours, respectfully, etc.

The wording of this was somewhat doubtful, and I was half inclined to give up the game there and then, as the exposure was, I thought, sufficiently complete. Prompted, however, by the spirit of mischief, I determined to push the matter further, and wrote an exercise of a few bars, stating that I sent them as a sample of what I could do, and offering to enlarge upon them if needful. In this precious "exercise" there is hardly a correct bar. Some of its features may be described as follows:—The C clarinet in a most awkward key, (E four sharps) when the instrument in A ought to have been used, and going up to a high F sharp, a note which is almost impracticable; the oboes in a wrong position, and grunting out notes at the bottom of their scale, with the clarinet riding rampant over them; horns in A, instead of their own key, and notes in their part which would puzzle even Paquis with his clever hand to make; hermaphrodite cornets and an euphonium to represent the rest of the brass, and an *omnium gatherum* of parchment without rhyme or reason; double stops on the fourth string of the violin; and the viola written in the wrong clef and below its compass. It was too much trouble to write a special flute part, so the simple "col primo" plan was adopted. In the vocal score, consecutive and covered fifths and octaves are inserted in delightful disregard of the laws of harmony; and altogether the "exercise" would have been a disgrace to the veriest tryo in the art of composition. It is truly marvellous that their patiently studied incorrectness was not apparent to the "examiners." After sending this absurd sample to London, I thought that I had carried the business too far, and might be held up to ridicule. Judge, then, of my surprise at receiving the following:

Oxford Street, London, June 16th, 1875.

DEAR SIR:—Your note and exercise duly to hand. The exercise will do very well; it is quite long enough. We can judge from it as well as from more. You may obtain the degree without delay. Please send me the name in full that you wish inserted in the parchment. With regard to the fee, our usual custom is that the candidate shall send half a Bank of England note, upon the receipt of which the diploma and certificate will be forwarded. Upon receiving the diploma, the candidate forwards the remaining half note. If this suit you please let me know.

Yours, respectfully, etc.

I need hardly say that I did not send the bank note, and have not heard further on the subject. Comment on the whole affair is needless, and I leave the matter in your hands with the simple remark

that I shall for the present be content to remain an unqualified practitioner. Possibly when degrees are conferred at our own universities at something less than what is to many a prohibitive cost, I may attempt to obtain one.

I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

W. I. ARGENT.

Liverpool, July 2nd, 1875.

Concerning Spain and Old Sacred Music.*

All the great musicians of whom Spain could boast, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, studied either at Montserrat or at the Escorial, though these were far from being the only conservatories and academies in the Peninsula. An Academy of Music was founded and endowed in Salamanca by Alfonso X., King of Castile, as far back as 1254. The Chapter of the Cathedral of Toledo possesses a manuscript containing airs composed by that sovereign, and written down according to the system then recently invented by Guido d'Arezzo. In the following century, Juan I., King of Arragon, established a school of Music in Barcelona. The same impulse was felt all over the Peninsula. In every town, even in towns of not much importance, there were guilds or societies which sent forth musicians of merit, not bent, however, on seeking renown abroad, but anxious, rather to promote the cause of music where they lived. It is this fact which has misled certain critics into bringing a charge of mediocrity against Spanish sacred music. Such critics were ignorant that Spanish composers did not attempt to win celebrity among foreign nations, each one being contented, like Bach, to create for himself, in the town where his church or chapel stood, a little world of his own, and a band of performers, musically irreproachable and sincerely artistic within the limits of sacred music.

The most hearty welcome awaited all travelling musicians. They were listened to on the organ; their own music was performed; and we still find preserved in the archives of many churches, manuscript copies of the sacred music these strangers brought with them. Antoine Févin, a native of Orleans, makes a brilliant figure in such archives, a fact which has caused many Spanish scholars to believe him to have been their fellow-countryman.

The Chapel of Fontarabia always enjoyed a high renown, and at the very outset, boasted of a musician, Andres de Sylva, still famous. The festivals of days gone-by are still honorably remembered in Fontarabia, and it is especially in religious ceremonies that all the old traditions of the place re-appear. We have seen certain very curious specimens of the kind, reminding us of the Mysteries of the Middle Ages. We then hear, alternating with ancient sacred music, popular melodies applied to religious subjects as they have been handed down through centuries. This still occurs in the second-class towns of Portugal and Spain, as well as in certain towns of the South of France, such as Perpignan, Port-Vendres, Collioure, Narbonne, Banyuls-sur-Mer, and all along the west side of the Pyrenees. On the feast of the Epiphany, the procession of the Wise Men of the East is represented by a grotesquely dressed band. These sham Orientals, with their faces blackened, carry on their shoulders a litter decorated with flowers and foliage. Hidden under a veil is a child representing the infant Jesus. On Corpus Christi Day there is another apparently carnevalesque but sincerely religious ceremony. The town musicians, accompanying what is called the "Castillet du Bon Dieu," play a flourish of the highest antiquity and exactly resembling that which Weber resuscitated and introduced into the first act of *Der Freischütz*, when the marksmen return from the shooting-match.

On Good Friday people bring forth from mysterious arsenals old suits of armour, antique cuirasses, and secular casques, which are donned by the inhabitants dressed up to represent the Roman soldiers charged with watching over Christ. At the various places where the procession rests, you hear the bands of the town, and then the choir strikes up the old sacred strains, which never fail to produce their due effect in the midst of these religious services, attended as they are by the whole population, piously prepared for them.

MAURICE CRISTAL.

[*Extracted from "Boccherini et la Musique en Espagne," in *Le Ménestrel*.]

Oxford, Cambridge and Music.

As regards music, the story of her connection with either university can only be described as one of shame and pain. In the old Catholic days, found-

ers left funds to provide for a musical staff in their college chapels. Hence, as the art progressed a set of resident musicians was congregated; and music seeming to flourish on academic soil, King James I. granted faculties in that art, constituting the universities, in effect, public examining boards. Alas, however, for poor St. Cecilia! The governing bodies of the colleges flung away in large lumps the stipends assigned by pious founders for the support of musicians. The artists themselves were not only robbed, but trampled upon—consigned to social ostracism, insulted. At Oxford—and this too, in the reign of Queen Victoria—the doctors of music were ignominiously turned out of their seats in the theatre at commemoration, while the very degrees were tampered with by ignorant, unsympathetic and reckless Jacks in office. These are assertions. Out of the multiplicity of proofs ready to hand, it will not be difficult to justify them. Some two centuries back, in the bonny days of the merry monarch, when beauty was beginning to emerge from the black veil of Puritanism which for the nonce had stifled her, one Dr. Benjamin Rogers was organist of Magdalen College, Oxford. The man was not merely an executant, but also a composer of rare merit for the age in which he lived. He may rank fairly between Orlando Gibbons and Dr. Aldrich. His strains still resound in our cathedrals, from Exeter to Carlisle, from Norwich to Bangor. His history may be easily summarized—as concisely in effect, as that of many another injured soul. He was illegally ejected from his small preferment, because—and the cause itself is significant of the small esteem in which music was then held—his pretty daughter had the hardihood to flirt with a gentleman commoner of the college. Having thus been deprived of subsistence, the poor artist left Oxford, and shortly afterwards died in extreme indigence. Than a history so sad as this nothing can read simpler, and it would seem but righteous to condemn the high-handed oppression and cold heartlessness which could thus harry an artist of eminence to starvation. The universities, however, remain unchanged. A similar spirit to that which animated the fellows of Magdalen in the days of Charles II. prevails generally up to the present hour. Enough to state that Sterndale Bennett, the friend of Mendelssohn, the one English composer who has succeeded in enrapturing, by the force of a splendid genius, nations more aesthetically appreciative than ourselves, received from the great and niggardly University of Cambridge, for shedding lustre on her not very brilliant professoriate, the pitiful stipend of £100 per annum—a sum which would not have been offered without a blush to a college under-butler or an assistant cook. Nor does Cambridge lack a rival in supreme parsimony. The same stipend was the price at which the professorial services of Sir Henry Bishop were assessed by Oxford. The same stipend is all, out of an endowment of £400,000 per annum, she can spare to Sir Henry's successor Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, whose zeal and self-sacrifice for art are only paralleled by his profound knowledge and unquestionable talent.

[From Bulgravia.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 7, 1875.

Dr. Hans von Bülow.

This famous pianist, who as a public virtuoso has for some years worn the mantle of Liszt, and was for some years too his son-in-law, and, though no longer that, is still his friend, will be one of the chief attractions of our coming musical season. It is understood that he will make his first bow before an American audience at the opening of the new Chickering Hall in New York, some time in October, and that he will visit Boston in November. Probably no one of the great European Pianists, now that we have all heard Rubinstein, his only peer, and seeing that the Abbate Liszt himself makes no more concert tours, could excite so much curiosity among our people. Whether the spell will work as widely and as long as that of the fiery, strong young Russian, remains to be seen.

Bülow is just in the full maturity of his powers, having been born in Dresden on the 8th of January,

1830. Among his earliest teachers in music, was Fr. Wieck, the father of Mme. Clara Schumann. At the age of sixteen he went to the gymnasium at Stuttgart, and in 1848 to the University of Leipzig, for the study of law, where at the same time he received instructions in musical theory from Hauptmann. After passing his legal studies for another year or two at Berlin, he decided to devote himself entirely to music, and, much against the wishes of his parents, betook himself to Zurich, where he could be near Richard Wagner, then living there in stately exile; he had already fallen under his influence in Dresden. Wagner approved of his decision, and schooled him to the functions of Conductorship in the Zurich theatre. In June 1851 he went to Weimar, where Liszt prepared him and inducted him into his career of virtuoso. He studied with Liszt about two years, and then made his first appearance in Vienna and Hungary. In 1855 he took up his abode at Berlin as piano teacher in the Conservatory of Stern and Marx; in 1858 he was appointed Court Pianist to the King of Prussia; soon afterwards he was made a knight of the Order of the Crown, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University at Jena. In 1857 he had married Cosima, Liszt's gifted daughter. In 1864 he was won away from Berlin to Munich by the art-loving King Louis of Bavaria, to be his kapellmeister. The newspapers have kept us all well informed of his doings, his comings and goings, since; they have told us how he espoused the Wagner crusade with all his might and main; how under his direction, and often for the private gratification of the royal young enthusiast and himself alone, the Wagner operas—we beg pardon, dramas, "actions,"—were so sumptuously brought out in Munich; how he afterwards settled for a time in Florence, and made German music palatable to Italians; how he developed a smart literary talent likewise, particularly in the line of controversial satire, as witness his unsparing onslaught upon Verdi's Requiem Mass and the Italian music generally. And now the enterprising concert speculators have him for a season, and have booked him for America; and all the under-speculators, ticket-sellers concert brokers, who know the ins and outs of music halls, in each several city, are bidding eagerly for their share of this "big bonanza;" so that before the winter passes we shall have a chance to take the measure of the wonderful art of Bülow as compared with that of Rubinstein.

It was in Berlin, in the winter of 1861 that we had the privilege of meeting and of hearing Bülow. We were enjoying our first and only interview with Liszt, who had come for a day or two to the old Hotel de Brandebourg, where we were living all that winter. On the sofa sat his daughter, Mme. von Bülow, bearing the unmistakable impress her features; the welcome was cordial, and the conversation on the part of both of them was lively and most interesting; chiefly, of course, it was about music, artists, &c.; and nothing delighted us more than the hearty high appreciation which Liszt expressed of Robert Franz, then (strange as it may seem) but very little recognized in Germany, nowhere so much as here in Boston,—thanks to one man! Of some other composers he seemed inclined to speak ironically and even bitterly, as if smarting under some disappointment, perhaps at the unreciprocative mood of the Berliners toward his own Symphonic Poems, to whose glories Bülow had been laboring to convert them. Before we had a chance to hint of one hope long deferred, that of hearing Liszt play, he asked: "Have you heard Bülow?" alluding to him more than once as the pianist to be heard, his representative and heir, on whom his mantle verily had fallen. Thinking it possible

that there was some new grand composition by some one of his young disciples to be brought out, and that he had come to Berlin to stand god-father as it were to that, we modestly ventured to inquire: he smilingly replied: "No, I am here literally as god-father, having come to the christening of my grand-child." Presently the conversation was interrupted by a rap at the door, and in came with lively step a little man, who threw open the furs in which he was buried, Berlin fashion, and approached the presence, bowed his head to the paternal laying on of hands, and we were introduced to Herr von Bülow.

Shortly afterwards we were present at several of the concerts which von Bülow gave there in the hall of the Singakademie. In these he was the sole performer; the piano, a fine Bechstein Flügel, if we remember rightly, was placed near the middle of the floor, and there he sat surrounded by a large host of admirers, plainly a select and highly cultivated audience. His programmes, like those of Rubinstein when he was here, covered the whole range of the higher pianoforte literature from Bach to Liszt, and Liszt's successor in propriid person; only he did not crowd such extravagant quantities of solid things—five Beethoven Sonatas, for instance—into one evening, as Rubinstein did here sometimes; he was content to give enough. One of these programmes we have preserved:

Toccata, in C minor,.....Bach.
Suite, in E minor, op. 72.....Raff.
Sonata: "Les Adieux," &c.....Beethoven.
Venezia e Napoli, [MS].....Liszt.
Præludium, from op. 35.....Mendelssohn.
Two Lieder ohne Worte, Book 5.....Mendelssohn.
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 8.....Liszt.

Other works given in the series were:

J. S. BACH:—Bourrée, A minor; Gigue and Gavotte, G minor.
PH. EM. BACH:—Rondo, B minor.
BEETHOVEN:—Fantaisie, Op. 77.
HUMMEL:—Sonata, F sharp minor, Op. 81.
CHOPIN:—Bergeuse.
Concert Allegro.
SCHUMANN:—Etudes Symphoniques. Op. 13.
LISZT:—Eclogue.
Au Lac de Wallenstedt.
Au Bord d'une Source.
Schiller Marsch (nach Megerbeer.)
B-minor Sonata, in one movement.
Tannhäuser Overture (transcription.)
A. RUBINSTEIN:—Prelude and Fugue, Op. 53.
H. v. BÜLOW (selbst):—Die Elfenjagd.
Impromptu, Op. 14.
Mazurka, Op. 4.

Compare this with one of his London programmes of this last spring, and we find the general character of the Bülow programme still essentially the same, although John Bull gets rather the more solid dose:—

BACH:—Organ Prelude and Fugue in B minor, arr. by Liszt.
SCHUMANN:—Fantaisie in C. Op. 17.
RAFF:—Métamorphose, Op. 74, No. 2.
BRAHMS:—Scherzo, Op. 4.
RHEINBERGER:—Andante and Toccata, Op. 12, (dedicated to Bülow).
BEETHOVEN:—Sonata, Op. 101.
" 33 Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli.

Many of those Berlin selections were quite new then; now they have nearly all of them become somewhat familiar here in Boston.

He played all from memory,—a power less common then than it is now; but Bülow, we believe, exceeds all others, not excepting Rubinstein, not only in his accurate, retentive memory of vast repertoires of music, orchestral and vocal scores included, but also in the rapidity with which he learns a

piece by heart, sometimes by simply hearing it performed two or three times.

He impressed us somewhat as Charles Halle did in London, as a cool player; remarkably self-possessed, sure and careful in his renderings, and essentially intellectual, thoughtful, thoroughly convinced in his conception and interpretation of the composer and the work in hand. None of that almost wild impetuosity of Rubinstein; less of that personal magnetic power; less wilfulness of moody moments, which led the latter into various tempos and shadings of the same thing at different times. Nothing that Bülow does is not thoroughly studied and thought out; while his technique seemed, even then, perfect beyond our power to conceive of aught beyond. And yet we enjoyed, felt Madame Schumann's playing more. Of course von Bülow was, and is, a growing man, and doubtless greatly in advance to-day of what he then was, not only as pianist, but still more as artist and musician in the broad sense. As a Conductor of Orchestra and chorus, he stands among the foremost of our day. Probably we shall have opportunities of witnessing his skill in that capacity, as well as in piano-playing, with and without orchestral accompaniment.

That "Sapphic Ode" again, and the Tune of "Bunker Hill"

A few weeks since we copied Judge Nile's noble Ode, with the *Advertiser's* remark, that it was sung during the war of the Revolution to the tune of "Bunker Hill," and was as popular among our soldiers as the "John Brown" song during the late war. At the same time we expressed some curiosity to know what the tune "Bunker Hill" might be; what old New England psalm tune was there that would go to that Horatian metre, the Sapphic and Adonian stanza of *Integer vitae*? We are indebted to several kind friends since, for reminiscences and copies of the tune.

1. The earliest form in which we find it is in an old psalm book, *The Massachusetts Harmony*, published not later than the year 1784, "being a New Collection of Psalm Tunes, Fuges, and Anthems, from the most Approved Authors, Ancient and Modern. By a Lover of Harmony." The "most approved authors" are nameless, and most of them may well remain so. The tune in question is given in four parts, in the key of A-minor, but with no sign to show that the G should anywhere be sharp. Stranger still, in the signature of the upper or tenor staff, there is a flat upon the middle line, here meant for B. The melody is dirge-like, and with the crude and here and there false harmony, dismal in the extreme. Whether our soldiers sharpened the G instinctively in singing, despite printed notes to the contrary, the reader may conjecture from what follows.

2. One who writes from Hartford, sends us the melody merely, adding:

"My father was a Vermonter; and I have heard him sing the tune of Bunker Hill so many times when I was a boy—that I have a perfect recollection of it as he sung it; and I have taken the liberty to send you a copy, transcribed from memory. You will notice that the 7th is minor as well as the 3d, which was quite a common way of singing the minor mode in the more primitive days of music in this country."

Their music must have been as rugged as their life!

3. Another kindly writes it out for us in three parts, precisely as in the old book, without the Contralto part. He writes from Portland, in a singularly clear and beautiful hand for an old man:

"I am happy to give you a copy of "Bunker Hill," which I have copied just as I found it in an old manu-

script book, more than fifty years ago. Had it been for one who had 'accumulated more ignorance' than I have in musical matters, I should have inserted a few sharps on the seventh, but think better to send it to you with all its imperfections on its head.

"At one time when they were singing it at my father's, I asked an uncle who had served in the revolutionary army, if they played that tune at Bunker Hill—to which he replied, 'When they marched on they did'; and I had concluded that the Ode was written and became known before the battle, and that the fifiers took the tune to march by as a sort of 'Marsellaise'—which does not accord with the statement that it was written on receiving the news of the battle."

4. But the best form in which we find the tune is in an octavo volume, filled with a report of the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Norwich, Connecticut, in 1859. This report gives a somewhat different account from the *Advertiser's* of the way in which the Ode itself originated. It is a part of the Historical Discourse delivered upon that occasion by Daniel Coit Gilman, Librarian of Yale College, and is as follows:

"Some wise writer has remarked that he cared not who made the laws of a nation if he could write the songs.

When the war of the revolution broke out, there was resident in Norwich, among other choice spirits, Mr. Nathaniel Niles, now almost equally famous as a political and theological writer, known in early life as Rev. Mr. Niles, (though he was never ordained), and later as Judge Niles of Vermont. He had graduated at Princeton, in 1766, and studied theology with Rev. Dr. Bellamy. He excelled as a preacher, but was never settled in the ministry, probably on account of his infirm health. Removing to Norwich, he married there a daughter of Mr. Elijah Lathrop, and engaged in manufacturing. He often represented the town in the general assembly, until he removed to Vermont, where he died in 1828, aged 88.

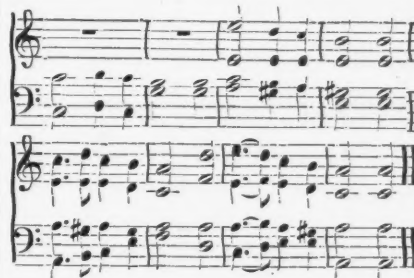
While living in Norwich he wrote an Ode which was set to music, and became as great a favorite among the soldiers of the continental army as the Marsellaise in France. It was composed at his own fireside the very evening of the news of the battle of Bunker's Hill reached Norwich. "I remember," says his son, "in my early youth, hearing an aged negro servant who followed my father's family to Vermont, repeatedly describe the emotions of the whole family while he read that impromptu production for the first time by candle light." If the young musicians of Norwich wish to see in the faces of older singers, who regulated their notes with the old fashioned pitch pipe, such a glow of enthusiasm, as pleasant recollections alone call forth, let them ask the question, "Do you remember the 'Amer can Hero,' an Ode which was often sung in the revolutionary army?" Perhaps it will be their pleasure, as it has been mine, to hear the answer, "I have not sung it for many a year, but I never can forget its stirring melody." It begins:

Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and Destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,
Sounding with death groans?

The tune was called "Bunker Hill."

[Governor Buckingham, the President of the day, here interrupted the speaker and said,—“The first impression on my mind of the battle of Bunker's Hill was made by hearing sung this Ode. Perhaps it may produce a similar emotion in the minds of the audience, which it did in my own. I should like to have it tried.” The choir then sang the Ode, with thrilling effect, many of the older persons joining with them.]

And then follows the tune: "The American Hero," (alias Bunker Hill), "A Sapphic Ode," harmonized by some one who had at least some knowledge of the principles of four-part writing. To gratify the curious reader we transcribe it, bringing the parts together so that they can conveniently be played on the piano, and leave it to his own imagination whether such a tune played by the "fifers" on that midnight march could have fired the patriot heart like another "Marsellaise."



"The Tri-logical Tetralogy at Bayreuth."

The name is the invention of an ingenious correspondent of the *London Musical World*, himself rejoicing in the name of "Gifford Scoop." In a letter dated Bayreuth, July 16, he reports progress as follows:

The rehearsals of Wagner's *Nibelungen-Tetralogie* have at length begun in earnest. Herr Unger, the tenor selected as the temporary representative of Siegfried, has been here for some time studying his part. Herr Albert Niemann, Mesdes, Friederike Grün, and Friedrich-Materna, will have arrived before these lines appear in print. Herr Brandt, the celebrated stage machinist, from the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt, is busily engaged in putting up the machinery. The musicians will not arrive till wanted for the general orchestral rehearsals, which are fixed for the beginning of August. Those gentlemen will receive a daily sum of five florins. Some of the inhabitants lodge them gratuitously, in return for the privilege of attending, in due time, the grand general rehearsals, on the same moderate terms. A matter of great moment was settled a short time since. This was the weighty subject of costume. Professor Döplerj of Berlin, brought the principal sketches—the *Figurinen*, as they are termed—executed in color, for all the characters in the four musical dramas. Wagner was delighted with the manner in which his poetical conceptions have been carried out; for the task was one beset with difficulty. The glittering forms of the Rhine Nymphs, in their long, flowing garments, with the reeds, water-lilies, and other strange productions of the mysterious river-depths, surround the Walkyres, with their winged helmets, whence their blonde locks flow down, and their formidable equipment. Then, too, we have Wotan, armed *cap-a-pie*, with his runic spear, and, under his armor, a blue mantle, allegorically representing the canopy of heaven; Siegfried, the young hero; and Alberich, the odious dwarf. All are in especially characteristic costumes, so to speak; every inch and every touch are scrupulously exact. Wagner may esteem himself fortunate in meeting with such an interpreter of the creatures of his imagination. Besides supplying the sketches, Döpler will himself see that they are truthfully carried out. The greater part will be made in Berlin. A small number, however, will be prepared at Meiningen, where, thanks to the Duke's taste, ingenious *costumiers* abound, especially for the imitation of antique weapons, metal vessels, and ornaments. But there is a question apart—namely, that of lodging some 2,000 visitors, exclusive of those professionally engaged, expected next year. Bayreuth is not a large town, and just now would experience considerable difficulty in finding accommodation for such an addition to its regular population. It has, therefore, been proposed to erect a grand hotel, at the estimated cost of 220,000 florins, or £22,000. The corporation have offered to subscribe one-half this sum; and, if the remainder can be raised in shares, or even only guaranteed, building operations will commence immediately. The Bayreuth Palaces are to be prepared for Princely visitors.

Anna De Belocca.

[From the "Graphic."]

This new "star" in the operatic firmament is of Russian origin. Her father, M. de Belloka, is an Imperial Councillor of State. There was no neces-

sity whatever for Mdle Anna to earn her living by any professional pursuit; but from her earliest youth she evinced a disposition for music so marked that, instead of being dissuaded, she was encouraged by those immediately about her, to cultivate that most seductive of arts. Born at St. Petersburg on the 4th January, 1854, Mdle de Belocca is now in her 22nd year. She began learning music under Mad. Nissen Salaman, in the Russian capital, and afterwards continued her studies in Paris, under Signer Nicolas Lablanche (son of "the great Lablanche"). Her finishing lessons, however, were undertaken by M. Maurice Strakosh—brother-in-law, and formerly artistic adviser of Adelina Patti. Under the auspices of this professor, Mdle de Belocca made her debut at the Paris Italian Opera (Théâtre Ventadour), last summer, as Rossina, in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*. Her success was brilliant, and at once acknowledged by the Parisians, whose enthusiasm was not surpassed even by that of the large number of her compatriots who, naturally enough on such an occasion, formed part of the audience. Mdle de Belocca's next opera in Paris was *La Cenerentola* (again Rossini), in which she received no less applause; and her third essay was with *Semiramide* (once more Rossini). In the last her performance of Arsace, a part which has been the crucial test with so many renowned artists, from Brambilla to Albani, and from Albani to Trebell Bettini, proved her capability to shine in serious as well as in comic opera. Arsace, followed by the last act of *Romeo e Giulietta* of Vaccaj, in which she assumed the character of Romeo, at a miscellaneous entertainment for her benefit, put the seal on her Parisian triumphs. The fame of these speedily reached London, and the offer of an engagement from Mr. Mapleson, for a limited number of nights at Her Majesty's opera, during the present season, being accepted, Mdle de Belocca made her first appearance before a London audience, in her maiden part of Rosina, on the 24th of April. Her voice struck every amateur by its peculiar freshness and quality. It was not absolutely a *contralto*, nor absolutely a *mezzo-soprano*; but, in a most agreeable manner, blended the characteristics of both. In the *cavatina*, "Una voce poco fa," it was a pure *mezzo-soprano*; whereas in the *brindisi* from *Lucretia Borgia* ("Il segreto per esser felice"), it was as pure a *contralto*. In any case, the singing and acting of Mdle de Belocca, as the lively heroine of Beaumarchais and Rossini, was such as to win entire sympathy, and ensure an undisputed success. Shortly after, the new singer played Cherubino, in the *Nozze di Figaro* of Mozart, and by her impersonation of this character advanced another step in public estimation. The Russian lady is now on the threshold of fame; and the greatest hopes are entertained of her future career. That these hopes may be fully realized, is the earnest wish of every amateur; for it is long since a young artist with greater artistic promise and greater personal attractions has appeared on the stage of the Italian Opera.

The Chimes of Potsdam.

A lady correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* has been listening to the chimes of Potsdam in Prussia, and writes to her journal about them: They are not pious only Sunday-go-to-meeting chimes, but they ring out every hour, every half-hour, and every quarter, and even at each eighth burst out with a joyous "trinkemal." How I gloried and revelled in their music, though they did not say to me, "Eliabe, Eliabe," as Trotty's chimes said to him, "Toby Veek, Toby Veek, keep a good heart, Toby!" But they sang a sweeter, softer, more melodious strain. One time a "Praise the Lord, the powerful king of glory," swelled in deep, majestic tones. Then again, a simple warning in "Be ever true and honest unto thy life's end and never wander from the paths of rectitude," set me to wondering how people could be so thoroughly dishonest as some folks can be, who are not beyond the sound of these chimes, which preach in the most persuasive tones this grand moral sermon. But one unfortunate day I discovered that my chimes, my worshipped, revered, mystical, musical chimes themselves, in defiance of their lofty position and their strictly moral teachings, told a falsehood every hour, yes, a downright, palpable lie. I was to be at the station at 10.05. I started early, for I loved to stroll through the grateful shade of the park near the church. A refreshing rain in the night made the morning still more inviting. The birds were singing and the air was heavy with the perfume of a thousand flowers; the chimes burst forth louder and more resonant than ever. For the first time, as the last strains died away in the distance, I counted the hour. The great hammer struck slowly, one, two, three—ten. So late! Impossible! And there was the empty parade-ground by the old castle, the large bridge and another stretch of ground between me and the depot. I looked at my own hitherto neglected timepiece, that said as plain as two hands on the honest face could say, 9.20. But the warning of my faithful friend was disregarded. Worse, it was snubbed and shut up with a snap, for had not the chimes, the royal, aristocratic chimes, said ten, and ten it must be. I gathered my traps and flew over the parade-ground, or at least imitated that movement as well as one could be expected to do in the modern fashion of tightly tied-back drapery,

rushed upon the long bridge on the left side of the course, though a sign-board said in great staring letters, "Fussgaenger gehen rechts." I got mixed up in the coming crowd, who jostled and poked me on all sides. I tried to cross over where I belonged, but the droshcke coachmen only whipped up their half-starved horses and leered at me. I stepped back and sought to make myself as small as possible. In Berlin, a policeman would have long before annihilated me. Suddenly the draw of the bridge slowly opened and the gathering crowd was brought to a dead halt. While patiently waiting I chanced to turn my eyes to the station clock, and there was the railroad time that said a few minutes beyond half-past nine. I was shocked. Then I grew indignant. Who wouldn't after running himself into a fever heat and making such a spectacle of himself, all for a wicked falsehood. I hurried back, determined to find out why the chimes had so unhamely said ten. Flushed and excited, I paused under the historical Linden of Frederick the Great to regain my breath. This poor relic of ancient times had its immense body sewed up in a stout linen bagging, its decrepit limbs supported by stout iron props. On its worn trunk, in those troublous times, there was nailed during the night a placard with a disgraceful, libellous insult to the king. In the morning the old hero read it from his chamber window, and sent down word to his servants to have it taken off and nailed lower down, that all the people might read it. How much this old tree had seen and endured. If it only had a tongue to speak and tell me why, in all these long, long years, the old chimes had always repeated the same untrue tale!

While I was cooling my wrath, and thinking over these strange things, an old man wandered by. He looked as though he had been born and grown up at the same time as the Linden and the chimes. He was not so well preserved. No kind hand had wrapped up his body in stout strong linen, and only a wooden staff supported his feeble tottering limbs.

I said "Can you tell me what the chimes play at the hour?"

"I ought to; I have heard it often enough. In common times it plays 'Praise the Lord,' but they are so arranged that they can be changed. 'What God does is well done' is substituted. Yes, I have heard the mournful sonnets for our good king Frederick William III., and his son, Frederick William IV., Queen Elizabeth, his wife, and now my time will soon be here."

"Then what do they play at the half-hour?"

"The song 'Be ever true and honest.'"

"No, you must be mistaken, for they played that song a few moments ago, and then struck ten, and it is not yet ten o'clock."

"Of course not. At the half hour it strikes the future hour to let you know it is coming, and at the hour it sounds it again to let you know it is here."

I think if the old man had been the inventor of this wonderful piece of wisdom, instead of merely the relator, I should have pounced on him, and shaken him to pieces. I burst out: "How on earth is a stranger to know the difference?"

The old man almost changed my wrath into mirth, as he answered as though amazed at my petulance, with a stolid look of self-complacency: "Why, somebody must tell him."

While I was puzzling myself over this local answer, the chimes, as though to cheer and comfort me, broke out in their three-quarter strain of "Trinke mal, trinke mal." I thanked the old man, and pursued my way, consoling myself that in those old-fashioned times the Dutch for the chimes were exact in (German) never dreamed of a railroad and its inevitable hurry and bustle, and I ought not to blame the chimes for their share in the deception. So I went back to my old love, and every time I hear them now I strive to puzzle out some clue to the wonderful wisdom of originating the idea of striking the hour a half hour before it arrives.

MUSICAL KITES IN CENTRAL ASIA.—"In Central Asia the amusement of flying kites is as popular as in Europe or America; but it is made to yield a double gratification. It delights the ear by an emission of soft melodious murmurings, at the same time that it pleases the eye with its graceful, birdlike motions. Each kite is so constructed as to produce the effect of a floating Arabian harp, and thus the flight and the song of winged warblers are both imitated in the ingenious plaything. Major Abbott gives a description of these musical kites. In his 'Narrative of a journey from Herat to Khiva,' 'Each kite is a square formed upon two diagonals of light wood, whose extremities are connected by a tight string, forming the sides of the squares. Over the whole paper is pasted. A loose string upon the upright diagonal receives the string by which the kite is to be held, and a tail is fastened to its lower extremity. The transverse diagonal or cross-stick is then bent back like a strong bow, and fastened by a thread of catgut. Of course, every breeze that passes the kite vibrates this tight cord, and the vibrations are communicated to the highly sonorous frame of the kite. And, as numbers of these kites are left floating in the air all night, the effect is that of aerial music, monotonous, but full of melancholy interest.' We suggest to some of the experimental youths that they equip their kites with an Arabian attachment and test their effect on a quiet evening. The wild, wayward music of 'Zelus' is far more enchanting than any that can be drawn from instruments played upon by human fingers."

Concerning the music of "Home, Sweet Home" John Howard Payne once related the following: "I first heard the air in Italy. One beautiful morning as I was strolling alone amid some delightful scenery, my attention was arrested by the sweet voice of a peasant girl, who was carrying a basket laden with flowers and vegetables. The plaintive air she trilled out with so much sweetness and simplicity, that the melody at once caught my fancy. I accosted her, and after a few moments' conversation I asked for the name of the song, which she could not give me, but having a slight knowledge of music myself, barely enough for the purpose, I requested her to repeat the air, which she did, while I dotted down the notes as best I could. It was the air which suggested the words of 'Home, Sweet Home,' both of which I sent to Bishop at the time I was preparing the opera of 'Clari' for Mr. Kemble. Bishop happened to know the air perfectly well, and adapted the music to the words."

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4. Eb to G. Mattiozi. 75

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"Due cigni fedeli."

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1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter: as C, B

flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

